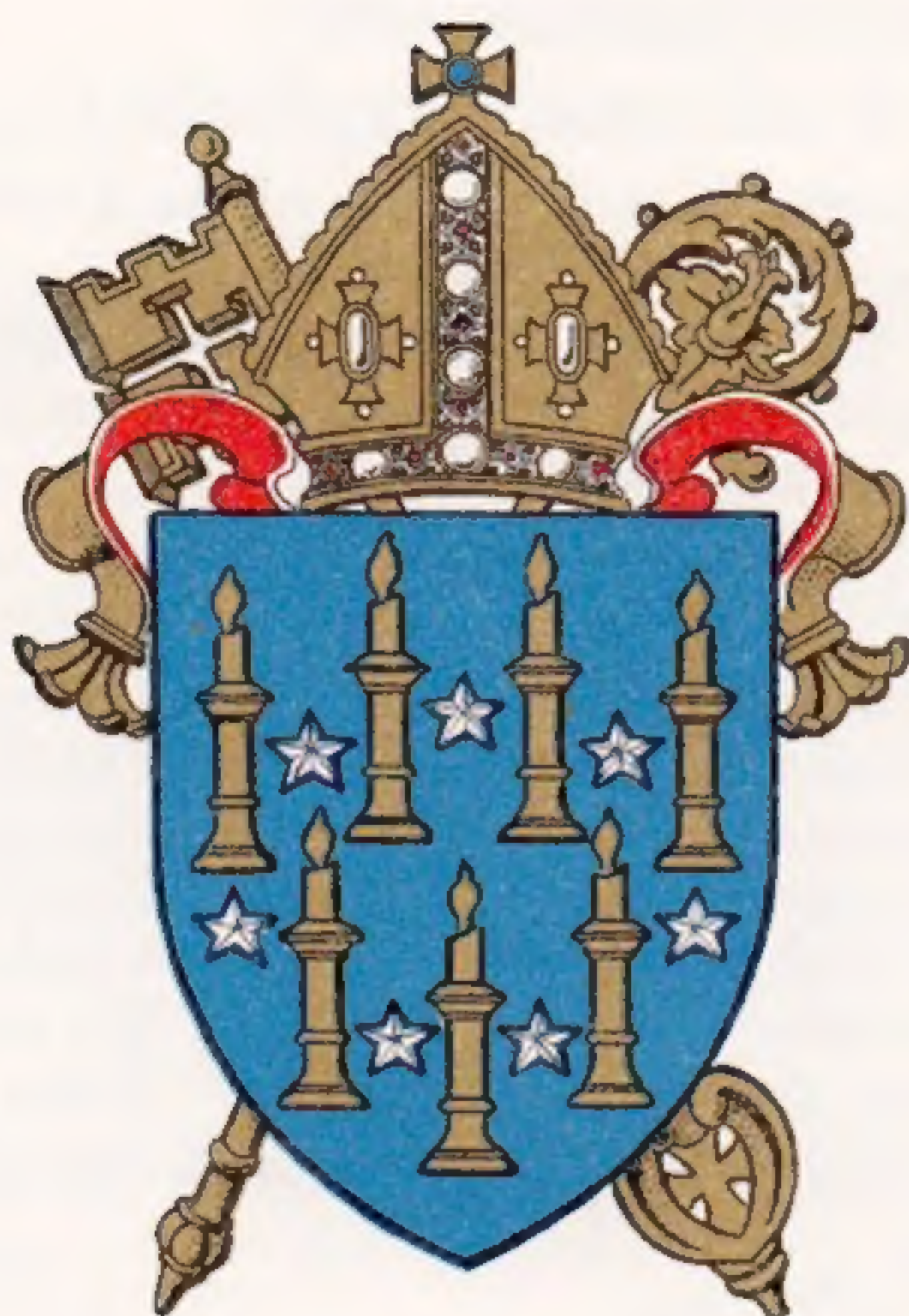


The Cathedral

of

Saint John the Divine



Alleluia. Unto us a child is born;
O come, let us adore him. Alleluia.

Christmastide
1941



The Right Reverend William Thomas Manning, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D.
The Very Reverend James Pernet DeWolfe, S.T.D., Dean

Christmas Eve

December Twenty-fourth

5:00 P. M. EVENING PRAYER AND PROCESSION TO THE CRÊCHE



Christmas Carols, Procession, and Holy Communion

11:30 P. M.

CAROLS

HYMN 78	O little town of Bethlehem	St. Louis
HYMN 79	It came upon the midnight clear	Carol
HYMN 551	The first Nowell	The First Nowell

AT THE PROCESSION

V. Let us go forth in peace. Alleluia.

R. In the Name of Christ. Amen. Alleluia.

HYMN 76	Christians, awake	Yorkshire
HYMN 72	O come, all ye faithful	Adeste Fideles

V. Blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord.

R. God is the Lord, who hath showed us light.

Almighty God, who hast poured upon us the new light of thine incarnate Word;
Grant that the same light enkindled in our hearts may shine forth in our lives;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

AT THE INTROIT, ANTHEM

Praetorius

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming
From tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
As men of old have sung.
It came, a flow'ret bright,
Amid the cold of winter,
When half-spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind.
With Mary we behold it,
The Virgin Mother kind.
To show God's love aright
She bore to men a Saviour,
When half-spent was the night.

¶ *The service is on pages 67-84 in the Prayer Book*

COMMUNION SERVICE IN E FLAT

Eyre

THE COLLECT

O God, who makest us glad with the yearly remembrance of the birth of thine only Son Jesus Christ; Grant that as we joyfully receive him for our Redeemer, so we may with sure confidence behold him when he shall come to be our Judge, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

¶ *The Epistle, and Gospel are on pages 98-99*

GRADUAL (after the Epistle), HYMN 71

Winchester Old

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night

THE CREED

Gretchaninoff

AT THE OFFERTORY, ANTHEM

Whitehead

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say:
Jesus Christ is born today;
Ox and ass before him bow,
And he is in the manger now
Christ is born to-day!

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice:
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the heavenly door,
And man is blessed evermore.
Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave;
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain his everlasting hall:
Christ was born to save!

AFTER THE BLESSING, HYMN 546

Silent night, holy night

Holy Night

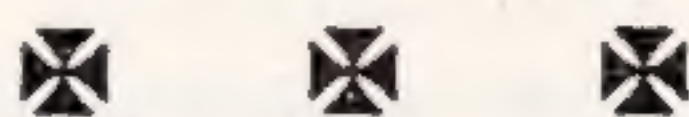
Christmas Day

December Twenty-fifth

7:00, 8:00, 9:00 and 10:00 A. M. Holy Communion
10:00 A. M. Morning Prayer

THE COLLECT

ALMIGHTY God, who hast given us thy only-begotten Son to take our nature upon him, and as at this time to be born of a pure virgin; Grant that we being regenerate, and made thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by the Holy Spirit; through the same our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the same Spirit ever, one God, world without end. *Amen.*



Holy Communion and Sermon

11:00 A. M.

AT THE INTROIT, HYMN 72 O come, all ye faithful *Adeste Fideles*

¶ *The service is on pages 67-84 in the Prayer Book*

COMMUNION SERVICE IN C *Stanford*

¶ *The Epistle and Gospel are on pages 96-97*

GRADUAL (after the Epistle) *MacKinnon*

Christ is born of maiden fair,
Hark the heralds in the air,
Thus adoring descant there,
In excelsis gloria!

Shepherds saw those angels bright,
Caroling in glorious light,
God his Son is born tonight,
In excelsis gloria!

Christ is come to save mankind,
As in holy page we find,
Therefore this song bear in mind,
In excelsis gloria!

HYMN 76 Christians, awake *Yorkshire*

SERMON THE VERY REVEREND THE DEAN

AT THE OFFERTORY, ANTHEM *Mansfield*

When the crimson sun had set
Low behind the wintry sea,
On the bright and cold midnight
Burst a sound of heavenly glee.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Where the manger crib is laid,
In the city fair and free,
Hand in hand this shepherd band
Worship Christ on bended knee.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Shepherds watching by their fold,
On the crisp and hoary plain
In the sky bright hosts espy,
Singing in a gladsome strain,
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Join with us in welcome song,
Ye who in Christ's Home abide,
Sing the Love of God above,
Shown at happy Christmastide.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

AFTER THE BLESSING, HYMN 79 It came upon the midnight clear *Carol*



SERVICES DURING THE WEEK

7:30 A. M. Holy Communion
8:30 A. M. Holy Communion
9:00 A. M. Morning Prayer and Holy Communion
10:00 A. M. Holy Communion (Wednesday and Thursday)
5:00 P. M. Evening Prayer



KALENDAR

Friday, December 26 St. Stephen, Deacon and Martyr
Saturday, December 27 St. John, Apostle and Evangelist

Feast of the Holy Innocents
The First Sunday after Christmas
December Twenty-eighth

SUNDAY SERVICES

8:00 and 9:00 A. M. Holy Communion
10:00 A. M. Morning Prayer
11:00 A. M. Holy Communion and Sermon
4:00 P. M. Evening Prayer and Carols

THE COLLECTS

O ALMIGHTY God, who out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast ordained strength, and madest infants to glorify thee by their deaths; Mortify and kill all vices in us, and so strengthen us by thy grace, that by the innocency of our lives, and constancy of our faith even unto death, we may glorify thy holy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

ALmighty God, who hast given us thy only-begotten Son to take our nature upon him, and as at this time to be born of a pure virgin; Grant that we being regenerate, and made thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by thy Holy Spirit; through the same our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the same Spirit ever, one God, world without end. *Amen.*



Holy Communion and Sermon

11:00 A. M.

AT THE INTROIT, HYMN 87 O Lord, the Holy Innocents *Alstone*

¶ *The service is on pages 67-84 in the Prayer Book*

COMMUNION SERVICE IN C Martin

¶ *The Epistle and Gospel are on pages 102-103*

GRADUAL (after the Epistle) MacKinnon

Christ is born of maiden fair,
Hark the heralds in the air,
Thus adoring descant there,
In excelsis gloria!

Shepherds saw those angels bright,
Caroling in glorious light,
God, his Son is born tonight,
In excelsis gloria!

Christ is come to save mankind,
As in holy page we find,
Therefore this song bear in mind,
In excelsis gloria!

HYMN 551 The first Nowell *The First Nowell*

SERMON THE RIGHT REVEREND THE BISHOP

AT THE OFFERTORY, ANTHEM Whitehead

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say:
Jesus Christ is born to-day:
Ox and ass before him bow,
And he is in the manger now
Christ is born to-day!

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Jesus Christ is born for this!
He hath oped the heavenly door,
And man is blessèd evermore.
Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain his everlasting hall:
Christ was born to save!

AFTER THE BLESSING, HYMN 72 O come, all ye faithful *Adeste Fideles*

3:30 P. M. Organ Recital by Thomas Mathews, F.A.G.O.
Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields
Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia

Overture to "The Messiah"

G. F. Handel

Three Holy Kings

R. Glière

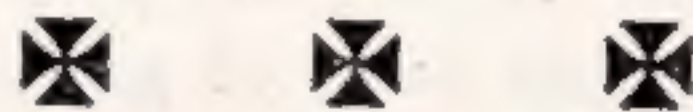
Adeste Fideles

Hymn to the Stars

S. Karg-Elert

Improvisation on "Puer Natus est"

E. Titcomb



Evening Prayer and Carols

4:00 P. M.

HYMN 549

Good Christian men, rejoice

In Dulci Jubilo

¶ *The service is on pages 25-31 in the Prayer Book*

PSALM 19 (page 363)

MAGNIFICAT AND NUNC DIMITTIS IN C

Stanford

AFTER THE THIRD COLLECT, CAROL OF THE RUSSIAN CHILDREN

Gaul

Snowbound mountains, snowbound valleys
Snowbound plateaus, clad in white,
Fur-robed moujiks, fur-robed nobles,
Fur-robed children see the light.

Shaggy pony, shaggy oxen,
Gentle shepherds wait the light;
Little Jesu, little Mother,
Good Saint Joseph, come this night.

Carols

Children's Song of the Nativity

Shaw

How far is it to Bethlehem?
Not very far.
Shall we find the stable-room
Lit by a star?

If we touch his tiny hand
Will he awake?
Will he know we've come so far
Just for his sake?

Can we see the little Child,
Is he within?
If we lift the wooden latch
May we go in?

Great kings have precious gifts,
And we have naught,
Little smiles and little tears
Are all we brought.

May we stroke the creatures there,
Ox, ass, or sheep?
May we peep like them and see
Jesus asleep?

For all weary children
Mary must weep.
Here, on his bed of straw
Sleep, children, sleep.

God in his mother's arms,
Babes in the byre,
Sleep, as they sleep who find
Their heart's desire.

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming

Praetorius

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming
From tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
As men of old have sung.
It came, a flow'ret bright,
Amid the cold of winter,
When half-spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind.
With Mary we behold it,
The Virgin Mother kind.
To show God's love aright
She bore to men a Saviour,
When half-spent was the night.

Le sommeil de l'Enfant Jésus

Gevaert

Entre le bœuf et l'âne gris,
Entre les roses et les lys,
Entre les pasteurs jolis,
Dors, dors, dors le petit fils:
Mille anges divins, mille séraphins
Volent à l'entour de ce grand Dieu d'amour.
Roi des anges, dors!

'Twixt ox and ass, thy guardians mild,
'Twixt rose and lily undefiled,
'Twixt shepherd youths all unbeguiled,
Sleep, sleep, sleep thou little child:
Angels tall and white, seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above the mighty Lord of love,
King of angels sleep!

I sing the birth

Parry

I sing the birth was born to-night,
The author both of life and light;
The angels so did sound it,
And like the ravished shepherds said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet searched, and true they found it.

The Son of God, the eternal king,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger,
He whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which heaven and earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.

What comfort by him do we win,
Who made himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory!
To see this babe, all innocence,
A martyr born in our defence,
Can man forget the story?

HYMN 554

We three kings of Orient are
(For Choir and People)

Three Kings of Orient

Balulalow

Warlock

O my hert, young Jesus sweet,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee in my hert,
And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee evermore,
With sangis sweet unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow.

Sing we Noël once more

Smith

I arose one morning in the early light
When the earth with frost was all shining white.

Sing we Noël, Noël, Noël!
Sing we Noël once more!

Then I went to find Guillaume my neighbor near:
"Tell me what's that song you so gladly hear?"

"I am glad to hear the nightingale's sweet song;
I have heard its notes ringing all night long."

"'Tis no song of nightingale, or any bird,
'Twas an angel's voice from Heaven you heard."

Then I took my hautboy and my flageolet,
Guillaume took his lute, and away we set.

Shepherds, come with us this little Lamb to see,
We will give him music, sweet melody.

Personent Hodie

Lefebvre

Personent hodie
Voces puerulae,
Laudantes juncundé
Qui nobis est natus,
Summo Deo datus,
Et de virgineo ventre procreatus.

*On this day clearly ring
Infant strains, echoing
Songs of joy honouring
The new-born Oblation
Sent from God's high station,
Of a pure virgin maid born for our salvation.*

In mundo nascitur,
Pannis involvitur,
Praesepe ponitur
Stabulo brutorum,
Rector supernorum.
Perdidit spolia princeps infernorum.

*Here to earth come this day,
Here in white swaddling lay,
Lamb-like here mid the hay
With the oxen lying,
Christ the King defying
All the powers of hell can hold, Satan with him vying.*

Magi tres venerunt,
Parvulum inquirunt,
Parvulum inquirunt,
Stellulam sequendo,
Ipsum adorando,
Aurum, thus, et myrrham ei offerendo.

*Lo the three kings appear,
Seek the Child Jesus here,
Seek the Babe, Jesus dear,
Led by star-gleam o'er him
Enter and adore him,
Myrrh and gold, frankincense, humbly lay before him.*

Omnes clericuli,
Pariter pueri,
Cantent ut angeli:
Adventisti mundo,
Laudes tibi fundo.
Ideo gloria in excelsis Deo!

*Maidens mild, striplings strong,
Children, come, join the throng,
Chant the true angels' song.
To the Christ Child bringing
Praises loud and ringing
Come we all, GLORIA IN EXCELSIS singing.*

Saint Nicolas a trois clériaux
Sont tous les trois du même arreau,
Un jour ont demandé congé
Pour aller sur la mer jouer;
Saint Nicolas leur a donné,

Les trois clériaux ont cheminé
Tant que le soleil fut couché,
Ils sont entrés chez un boucher:
"Boucher, donne-nous à souper;
Boucher, voudrais-tu nous loger?"

A ce répondit le boucher:
"Nous n'avons rien à vous donner."
Mais c'est sa femme qu'est derrier' lui:
"Sont bien chaussés, sont bien vêtus;
Or, logeons-les pour cette nuit."

Quand c'est venu vers les minuit,
Que les enfants fur'nt endormis,
Le boucher prit son grand couteau,
Les a découpés par morceaux,
Les a salés dans un cuveau.

Saint Nicolas a cheminé
Tant que le soleil a donné;
Il est entre chez le boucher;
"Boucher, donne-moi z'a souper.
Boucher, donne-moi z'a coucher."

A ce répondit le boucher:
"Nous n'avons rien à vous donner."
"Donne-moi de mes trois clériaux
Que t'as découpés par morceaux;
Que t'as salés dans un cuveau."

Quand le boucher entend cela,
Hors de la porte il s'enfuya,
"N't'enfuis pas, boucher, n't'enfuis pas,
Demand' pardon à Dieu, l'auras;
Mais pour ta femm'ne l'auras pas."

Saint Nicolas prit son cordeau,
Trois coups il frappa au cuveau;
"Eveillez-vous, mes chers petits.
N'avez-vous pas assez dormi?
N'avez-vous pas assez dormi?"

Ce dit Claudon: "J'ai bien dormi."
Ce dit Phillippe: "Et moi-z'aussi."
Ce dit Jacquot, le plus petit,
"Je croyais être en Paradis,
Entre les bras de Jésus Christ."

C'est la chanson d'Saint Nicolas,
Ce ou cell' qui la chantera
Quinze pardons il gagnera;
Ceux ou cell' qui lécouteront.
Tout autant ils en gagneront.

*Saint Nicholas so good was he
There dwelt with him disciples three.
They asked his leave to go one day
Down to the sea to sport and play;
The good Saint blessed them on their way.*

*They travelled far by field and town,
And as the sun was going down,
To butcher shop their pathway led.
"O butcher, give us meat and bread,
And let us sleep in yonder bed."*

*The butcher says: "I have no bread,
Nor may you sleep in yonder bed."
Then speaks his wife, whose gaze is bright:
"Their costly clothes my eyes delight.
Ah, yes, we'll lodge them all tonight."*

*Now falls the hour for midnight deep;
The little lads are sound asleep.
The butcher comes with fell design;
He cuts them up in pieces fine
And flings them in his tub of brine.*

*The good Saint came by field and town,
And as the sun was going down,
To butcher shop his pathway led.
"O butcher, give me meat and bread,
And let me sleep in yonder bed."*

*The butcher says: "I have no bread,
Nor may you sleep in yonder bed."
"Then let me see those lads of mine,
That you have cut in pieces fine,
And flung into your tub of brine."*

*The butcher heard the Saint with dread;
He quickly turned, he would have fled.
"Go not so fast! O Butcher, stay,
And on your knees for pardon pray!
But for your wife I cannot say!"*

*His knotted cord the good Saint took;
The vat of brine three times he struck:
"Awake, my lads, cast off your spell!
Have you not slumbered long and well?
Have you not slumbered long and well?"*

*"I slumbered well", the eldest cries.
"And so have I", the second sighs.
The youngest smiles with drowsy eyes,
"I dreamed I lay in Paradise,
Between the arms of Jesus Christ."*

*This is Saint Nicholas his song,
Who sings it well and sings it strong,
Fifteen pardons he shall obtain.
And you who listen to the same
A like reward may justly claim.*

AT THE PROCESSION

V. Let us go forth in peace. Alleluia.

R. In the Name of Christ. Amen. Alleluia.

HYMN 72

O come, all ye faithful

Adeste Fideles

HYMN 73

Hark! the herald angels sing

Mendelssohn

V. Blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord.

R. God is the Lord, who hath showed us light.

O God, who makest us glad with the yearly remembrance of the birth of thine only Son Jesus Christ; Grant that as we joyfully receive him for our Redeemer, so we may with sure confidence behold him when he shall come to be our Judge, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

Palestrina

Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis. Laudamus te. Benedicimus te. Adoramus te. Glorificamus te. Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam. Domine Deus, Rex coelestis, Deus Pater Omnipotens.

Domine Fili Unigenite Jesu Christe, Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris. Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis. Qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram. Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis.

Quoniam tu solus sanctus, tu solus Dominus, tu solus Altissimus, Jesu Christe cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei Patris. *Amen.*

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only-be-gotten son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord; thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

AFTER THE BLESSING, HYMN 546

Silent night, holy night

Holy Night



New Year's Eve

11:00 P. M. Organ Recital
by John L. Baldwin, Jr.

11:30 P. M. Watch Night Service
Address by the Dean